

# Exhibit 26

Honorable Judge Pamela K. Chen  
United States District Judge  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza East  
Brooklyn New York 11201

Dear Judge Chen,

I met Michael McMahon on February 6th, 1993. I had just moved back to NJ from California and met some friends on my first weekend home. When Mike walked in that night, I couldn't take my eyes off of him. He had the most beautiful blue eyes and the "map of Ireland" on his face as they say. I was not one to be shy, so I immediately went up to him and struck up a conversation. I was twenty-three years old, Mike twenty-five. We were young but both had already experienced quite complex lives. Mike as a police officer on the NYPD, me as a professional actress since age ten. We talked for hours the night we met. After more than thirty years and three wonderful children, we haven't stopped talking.

The night we met I learned that Mike had recently lost his sister Ann Marie and father Vincent. Mike and Ann Marie were "Irish twins," with only one year separating their birthdays. I later learned the tragic story of how both family members had succumbed to cancer in the fall of 1992. His father had spent months in the hospital prior to his death from leukemia. Mike was working midnights on the NYPD during their illnesses which spanned over just one year, 1992. He would drive straight to the hospital to bathe and shave his father then head home to his bed-ridden sister Ann Marie who had fatal Neuroendocrine cancer. His siblings shared stories of Mike's empathy at a time when others (he is one of nine children) were paralyzed in disbelief. They were about to lose two members of their family within weeks of each other. Mike stepped up and put his own pain aside to give his father and sister dignity and reassurance, whatever they needed to give them peace.

I met him at a very vulnerable time in his life. The loss of two of his closest family members was written all over his face in 1993. When I met his extended family at their home in New City, NY, they welcomed me with open arms, even during their most difficult time. Many of his relatives, including three siblings, were cops or firemen. It was clearly a multi-generational family of service. You felt it when you walked in their home. There was so much love there and I felt like a part of the family right away. As I got to know Mike I was truly humbled by his goodness. I had never met anyone like him. His perspective and value on the important things in life centered me. During difficult times he would always say, "It will all work out...It's going to be ok." He was always right and my trust in him built the foundation we rely on today. I knew he would be a great father and husband, even after only knowing him for a few months and I wanted us to build a life together. I met a real-life hero and we started planning our future.

Six months after we started dating we were engaged and purchased a home together. I'm sure some people thought we were crazy but thirty years later we're stronger than ever having weathered many storms, none more greater than this current battle.

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When we met in 1993, Mike was serving on the Street Crime Unit of the NYPD. He was in constant combat on the job including a shootout in Times Square on New Year's Eve with thieves armed with AK47s holding workers hostage. Mike's partner was shot in the leg that night. Due to Mike's courage and heroism, and that of his fellow cops, no attendees were harmed and the ball dropped right on time. Mike had saved countless lives and no one popping champagne was the wiser. I have a million stories of his dedication to the people of NY. His heroism was a constant occurrence. He viewed it as part of his job and he loved every second of it. Being stationed in the Bronx every day or night was plagued with murder, suicide, assault, gun fire, child abuse cases, human trafficking, stalking, rape and unthinkable horrors only seen in war zones. When the sun went down the gunshots would start until sunrise. The radio was constantly humming with the calls of those in desperate need. He came home with stories of what most people wouldn't believe was going on in their backyard, just a few miles away over the GW Bridge.

He racked up medal after medal building his stellar reputation. He was promoted several times and eventually served as school safety sergeant for approximately 40 public and private schools in the Bronx. With this job came a different kind of responsibility. He was in charge of protecting children from drug dealers, gang recruitment and more. He would often be the only voice for children victimized in the schools and protector for many who otherwise would be forgotten. He hosted a camp for underprivileged kids sponsored by the SDNY and several U.S. Attorneys spent time at the camp with Mike and the children. He was publicly recognized for this work by Mary Joe White Esq., the U.S. Attorney for SDNY.

He helped so many kids during his time on the job. I was always so proud of him. Our lives were quite different but it worked for us. I was a life-long actress on a highly rated soap opera, "As the World Turns" bringing mere scripted drama to life. A cop and an actress made for media interest and Mike's cop stories captivated my soap opera friends. Mike was often brought in to help our soap family over the years when tragedies would strike, which happened far too often. When a co-star of mine committed suicide, the production team called Mike within hours to guide them. He located children of actors who suffered from addiction. One actress sought safe haven in our home for several days after being assaulted by a family member. He was affectionately nicknamed "Officer Mike" by many of my friends.

On February 13th, 2001 our lives changed forever. During a high speed chase in the Bronx, a man with nineteen prior arrests was stalking his girlfriend and threatening the victim again. He had broken both of the woman's eye sockets and claimed he was going to kill a cop. Mike got the call and immediately located the perp driving by the victim's home and a high speed chase ensued. The chase was televised on ABC news. I watched in real time the end of my husband's career when the perp ran Mike's police car off the road, hitting a telephone pole at 50 miles an hour. The car looked like an accordion. Mike was removed from the car with the jaws of life and permanently disabled. He suffered a broken hip and a fractured bone in his neck.

On September 9th 2001 after a few months of daily rehabilitation, he returned to modified duty with physical restrictions. Two days later we all know what happened. Mike lost several members of his precinct on September 11th, 2001. Countless funerals became regular events. As the months carried on and the never-ending exposure of toxic dust silently contaminated him, he got the news he was to retire on the disability from the accident. I know

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this devastated him. I've only seen him cry a few times in our thirty years together. When he got word he was out of the police department was one of them. He never returned to the precinct to retrieve his badge and gun. His brother Brian, also NYPD, worked in the same precinct, took the items home.

He began to recover physically but mentally he was defeated. I knew how much his work meant to him. Truly a loss not just for him but the entire city of NY. With over a thousand arrests and seventy-five medals, including the Combat Cross for a gang-related shooting in the Bronx, the streets were a lot less safe with his retirement. A new unexpected chapter of his life was beginning without a map and he struggled.

The shining light of his retirement was being able to be with our sons every day while I went to work. He not only embraced this time with the boys, he went above and beyond in participating in every aspect of their lives. He volunteered to coach every sport our boys were involved in, baseball, basketball, soccer, lacrosse, track, anything where the boys showed interest, Mike was there. To this day the boys now adult friends, reminisce on how great a coach Mike was to them growing up. When our daughter Ann Marie came along in 2006 he became the best "girl dad". Again Mike volunteered to coach her soccer team, lacrosse and was often the only dad in the mix. I knew how blessed she was to have this time with him and to this day they are inseparable.

The bond he shares with all of his children is precious. As their mother, not a day goes by that I don't recognize the role he plays in their life is immeasurable. Mike has not just been a role model to his own children but to the hundreds of local children whose lives are better for Mike being a part of it. Mike also built our home and a home for my brother after retirement. He found peace and purpose but he missed "the job". I could see it every time he would socialize with his former colleagues. I knew something was missing and had a plan to help. The next chapter of his life began as a private investigator.

Mike started working as a PI for my television "mom" Lisa Brown's husband, defense attorney Brian Neary. His work with Brian led to countless lawyers hiring Mike for big cases, some involving the federal government. Mike worked for the Archdiocese of Brooklyn, on death penalty cases, murder cases and more. There was one type of case he said he would never take, any involving someone harming a child. If he found the accused to be guilty, that was where it ended. I'll never forget him coming home and telling me he returned a check for \$1200 to a client after one meeting. The man had been accused of sexual assault on a child. Mike knew he was guilty and pushed the check back to the man across the table and promptly left the meeting. You can change the setting but you cannot change the man. Mike loved his work as a PI and often worked pro-bono when people were in need. It was a part-time job which gave him a tremendous amount of satisfaction. He was using his incredible skills for good and again the community was better for it.

One of the pro-bono cases which has stayed with me involved a young man who had been falsely arrested for murder. Mike met with the young man and his family and knew just by speaking to the family, he was innocent. When the parents struggled to pay, Mike offered to work for free. Something he did more often than not. The case of this young man being falsely accused kept Mike up at night. He did a boots on the ground investigation, placing posters on

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trees where the shooting took place with his personal cell number. Sure enough it worked. Mike's work led to the young man being fully exonerated when he uncovered the real killers. If not for Mike there is NO DOUBT that young man would be rotting in jail right now. I was with Mike when he got a call from this nineteen-year old, thanking him profusely.

The idea of any innocent person going to jail drove Mike on many cases. His career had nothing to do with financial gain and everything to do with right versus wrong. That's who Mike is. There are countless incidents of Mike doing good for others and expecting nothing in return. He ran into burning buildings, delivered babies, often took on gunfire. He knew what he was called to do in life. Even after his arrest in 2020 that didn't stop him from helping others. In 2022 Mike stopped the robbery of a woman at our local bank. He was driving out of the parking lot and saw a suspicious man lurking by the door to the bank. Despite being unarmed due to this case, he turned his car around and confronted the man who was robbing the 90 year old woman in her car. It turned out there was a pattern of these "lookout" robberies in NJ and Mike had prevented at the very least a robbery; possibly more.

Soon after the event at the bank he intervened on an assault of a woman in Grand Central Station. He could have kept walking and let someone else intervene but he turned around and went back to help. My eighty-six year old mother who has lived with us following my father's death, was recently targeted in a "grandma scam". She got a landline call from a scammer claiming her grandson was in jail and she needed to pay three thousand dollars to get him out. My mother texted Mike on her cell and he instructed her what to do. Sure enough an Uber car showed up to our home just as the local police arrived. Mike and our local police spoke to the driver and quickly determined he was being used as a courier for a criminal organization. Within a few minutes he was cleared of any wrongdoing and on his way. My mother has never received another call from the scammers. The DOJ has recently taken down many of these cases as there was a wave of elderly victims all across the country.

Just saying I'm honored to write this letter in support of Mike, would be minimizing his presence in my life and the lives of our children. We have been given the most incredible life journey because of Mike. I owe him everything. I say that without irony. Growing up in the entertainment industry, my life could have taken a much different turn if not for Mike. I am not naive to think luck had anything to do with it. I had a great support system in my siblings and parents and joining the McMahon family only expanded that support. His mother Pat who we lost in 2007 was the most gentle person and Michael always took care of her. Her dying request was for us to watch over Mike's sister Kathleen who was a single mother with a toddler. Of course we would do that for her without question. She rests in peace. She knew Mike would never abandon his family. Never.

We both grew up in blue collar, hard working families and those values have guided us. Money was never a gauge of success in our homes. A peaceful and joyful home with constant family interactions was our North Star. With hard work came financial stability for us. I worked as an actress since the age of ten and Mike had his first job as a paperboy at age twelve. We were workers and this dedication led to the freedom to spend more time with our children as they were growing up. After I left the soap opera "As the World Turns" in 2008 after a twenty year run and Mike retired from the NYPD, we still worked part-time because we loved our careers, not because there was a financial need. We owned our homes, had saved money for our future

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and we had no debt. This was also true when Mike was hired in 2016 for the case for which he was arrested in 2020. There was no financial motive in the case for which he was arrested. After decades of hard work on both our parts to be accused of financial greed of a few thousand dollars to betray the country, is not only false, it minimizes our years of dedication to our careers.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

9/11 did not end on 9/11. Our family continues to feel life long repercussions of that day. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Vincent has been such an incredible support for him and our entire family since Mike's arrest in October of 2020. S [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

In early 2020, I started a new job and Mike's business was growing. He was getting great cases as a private investigator and his reputation was unmatched. Mike was the go-to PI for top defense attorneys in the tri-state area. He worked for billionaires, cases with the DOJ, FBI and other law enforcement agencies. Our children were thriving despite Covid attempting to dismantle their academic futures. Our oldest son Mikey graduated Montclair State College, Max graduated High School and Ann Marie was finishing up her freshman year in high school. Then

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on October 28, 2020, the FBI came to our door before dawn and our family's life was destroyed in a moment. Our children were traumatized, especially our then fourteen year old daughter who was terrified in her room as she recounted the sound of "big boots coming towards her bedroom door" and "didn't know what would happen next". After Mike's arrest when he returned after processing, I watched him break down dumbfounded, "How could anyone look at my background and think I would EVER do ANYTHING like this?" The arrest hit our home like an atomic bomb. The same day Mike was arrested the press parked outside our home, took pictures of me and our children, knocked on our neighbors doors, flew drones over our home, pointed bright lights in our windows and the international press called Mike an agent of China. My children had to face their friends and explain what happened. There was never a doubt their father was innocent but every time they exited our home they braced themselves to defend him.

The only light at the end of this horrific tunnel was the trial. We believed the truth would finally be heard, the press would turn, recognize they had gotten it wrong and Mike would finally be free of this. I honestly believed justice would be done and Mike could clear his name. There was mountains of evidence he was unwittingly used, did nothing illegal, so if we had to go to court so be it. Mike would never take a plea deal. It was non-negotiable. If he did he would be perjuring himself and the entire private investigative industry would be finished. He was ready to fight for his life.

At trial I had to listen to the brutal personal and professional attacks on Mike. It was so painful for me and my sons who attended to hear. One day NYPD CCRB complaints against Mike from 1995 were submitted as proof of some character flaw. What the jury didn't hear were the details of those complaints. They involved a known gang member Mike had removed from school grounds who was trying to recruit kids. The other was from the mother of the same gang member who Mike had stopped and vouchered \$1400 cash. Mike told the boy if he could prove where the money came from it would be returned. The mother of the boy entered the precinct screaming about Mike and wanted the money back. Mike was not disciplined for these complaints and did not lose any vacation days. This was the prosecutions proof Mike was not one of the good guys.

The prosecutors struggled to find ANYTHING about Mike to paint him as a common criminal. This was also reiterated in the press for everyone, including my children, to read. I feel Mike's tremendous loss of once close friends and the pain he has been dealt as his character was publicly decimated. How could Mike's "good deeds" be suppressed at trial by the court when his entire life IS the unequivocal evidence he would never betray the country. Isn't the content of your character the only thing we leave behind? It enrages me how he was treated and disregarded. Yet, he still holds on to this day and prays for some relief.

I could fill a book with the amount of times Mike has helped those in need but his most important role as father brings tears to my eyes. I don't know how I was so blessed. He is my everything. How he has shown strength through this process of public humiliation and personal attacks is incredible. Our children have looked to him for cues on how to handle all of this and he has managed to stay strong.

We have raised our children to be honest and have integrity in a world which would constantly challenge it. There is no doubt the level of stress put upon them, most children will

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thankfully never experience. From day one that this happened we continued to fight as a team. I reiterated to Mike and the children that we would fight this until he was fully exonerated. This hasn't been easy for any of us. It was uncharted territory and it got worse as the months, then years, went by. My children have been living with this stigma for over four years and it will now be a part of their forever. I always tried to keep them positive, assuring them that the truth would win in the end.

Heading into trial took our anxiety and stress to another level. Mike wasn't doing well.

Fortunately we were able to pull over and I could drive. Not that I was doing much better. I

But my children were scared and trying to keep it together for us. My daughter told me a few months after the arrest, the day the FBI came to our home, she went to school and cried alone in the bathroom, trying to process what happened. I had no idea. I still don't know how she's processing this nightmare. She was only fourteen when it happened. I keep my door open 24/7 for all of my kids. Whatever they need, we are here for them. I continue to remind them of that as often as possible.

Judge Chen, when you were named as our presiding judge, of course I researched your background. I was thrilled to see your history as a civil rights attorney. I believed Mike's rights would be prioritized and protected. His right to defend himself with the full extent of the evidence would be paramount. It gave me some peace of mind in a sea of uncertainty. Coincidentally within a few months of you being appointed, I met a former co-worker of yours on a potential film project. During our initial discussion, we realized we had a very odd connection in you. This man had nothing but glowing things to say about you Judge Chen. He reassured me I should not be concerned with you being assigned to our case. That you are a fair judge and an empathetic human being. I can't tell you how his words assured me Mike would have a fair trial. Mike was innocent, of course this will end in our favor!

When the prosecutors presented their version of events, I was shocked. Leading up to trial every motion was denied, then negative rulings on admissible and non-admissible evidence felt like a knife to our hearts. As his wife to watch Mike retreat from life, felt like I was watching a slow death. Our life was now filled with emotional landmines I was trying to navigate.

From the first day I entered the court room until the day of conviction was a living hell. I watched the person I love more than anything in the world be called a traitor, a tax cheat, a user of his friends, a stalker, a criminal working for the Chinese government for a few thousand dollars. I heard false statements repeated to a jury. I watched people who are supposed to stand for truth and justice weave a fairytale resulting in the destruction of an innocent man and his family.

People often ask me what it felt like to sit day after day and listen to these attacks on Mike. I can only compare it to one time in 2006. When our third child Ann Marie was born, she was on life support for over a week. Born a month early, her lungs were not developed and she could not breathe on her own. I would have traded places with her in a minute. I would just

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stare at her and pray she would not take a turn for the worse. Mike was my savior during and after her birth, often sitting with her in the rocking chair for hours with tubes weighing her down as she slowly recovered. As her mother I felt helpless. I felt the same pain listening to the prosecutors paint Mike as a criminal. To smear him and paint him as some horrific person was almost too much for me. It's like when you have a dream and can't reach the person you love who is holding on to the edge of a cliff. Your mouth opens to scream but no sound comes out and your feet won't move. It's debilitating.

I was the person responsible for holding my family together and had to do something. With Mike's support, I started publicly speaking out. I have spent the last three years on a mission to get the truth out and educate anyone who would listen. My children encouraged me. I know they felt helpless and scared. I wanted to teach them not to be afraid and stand up for what's right. We have incredible children who have helped us as much as we've helped them. I have always been honest about the process. I try and protect them from unnecessary pain. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] It passes. We are getting through this together.

When my sons wanted to come to court, I warned them their father would be disparaged by the prosecutors but they insisted. The day my daughter was supposed to attend she got physically ill and I made her stay home. I'm glad I did because that day was the closing statement and it was excruciating. My poor children. I have done everything I can to help them but I'm sure I missed signs which will one day manifest. My daughter's entire four years of high school have had this cloud of uncertainty following her every day. She started community college this past fall to stay close to us. With the sentencing coming, even though I have tried to lessen the reality of what may happen, she has struggled. She's expressed her concern about her dad, as have all of my three children. I'm angry about the time stolen which should have been focused on their future. Believe me, they would be upset at me for even feeling that way because they love their father so much. As their mother, I have greater understanding of what they truly missed. We will never get these years back. I'll never forgive the people who deliberately instilled trauma on innocent children. I can't imagine what they have gone through over the last four years but we have managed because we love each other. There's nothing that can break that love.

I used to joke and ask Mike in all seriousness, "What's it like to be perfect?" He would laugh and respond, "I'm not perfect." But he is. I've known Mike for thirty years and he is a perfect human being. I know that's quite a declaration but I'm a first hand witness to it for decades. I don't think we've spent more than a week apart over that time. He has never raised his voice to me or our children. His way of discipline was through empathy and example. He has been a supporter of mine as a creative person, as a mother and business woman. My children have been given the freedom to grow as individuals, guided by both of us to live lives of paying it forward. We have both given of ourselves through philanthropy and volunteering for countless causes. I served on the professional advisory board for St. Jude Children's Research Hospital and all of my children have participated in fundraising for the cause. Mike and his retired police officers volunteered for security for my St. Jude events in NJ and NY. We have tried to instill the importance of giving back to all of our children.

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My oldest son Michael recently joined the police department in NJ, following in his father's foot steps. Even after what he witnessed, he believes the good guys outweigh the ones who have forgotten their oath. I wept when I heard he wanted to be a cop. I couldn't be more proud of our son. The community in NJ will benefit from the empathy and humanity he learned from his father. A father who is now to be sentenced in your court room.

The thought of Mike being incarcerated is unfathomable to me. If you could only have the opportunity to speak to him one on one. If you met him for five minutes you would love him as so many do. He walks into any room and everyone smiles as he arrives. You would learn instantly he is a man of kindness, unselfishness, with unprecedented integrity and honor who touches everyone he meets. I hope you know people like this in your life. We all should be so blessed.

Since the day he took the NYPD test at the age of sixteen until this very moment he has lived a life of service. He would never put someone in harm's way. Never. It is the antithesis of who he is. If he had any idea there was some nefarious purpose when he was hired in this case, Mike would have been the first person to help the victims and help detain the perpetrators. He would never put the former NYPD colleagues turned PIs he hired on this case in a position of criminality. Those men would take a bullet for each other. It kills Mike the long friendships he had with anyone connected to this case have been lost. Many are still afraid to speak to Mike after the way the government treated THEM, with threats of possible charges based on NOTHING. That's very difficult for Mike to reconcile. So many relationships dismantled. Breaks my heart to see it.

I almost lost Mike several times while he was a cop. The multiple shootings, the time he ran into a burning building to save a child, the time he was being choked out and a good samaritan stepped in, the list is endless. When he retired there was a sense of relief knowing the daily risk of death was miraculously over. Then the never ending cloud of 9/11 hit our family [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I've never heard him complain once. He continues to be an example of humility holding his head high for those of us he loves and determined to protect us through all of it. He's still Mike, no matter how many tried to break him.

Immediately after his arrest in 2020, Mike's main concern was other investigators. He wanted to warn others and help in some way if they had been targeted. We reached out to local law enforcement, national and international private investigation companies and others. I spoke at PI events and met one on one with private investigators to educate and warn them of who was being targeted and for what purpose. One friend who works at an international investigative firm told Mike that due to his case and warnings, the firm turned down a job of potential foreign influence. The job and client showed red flags Mike had warned him about. That's one proven step in the right direction. More needs to be done.

Mike and I continue to warn and educate others, recognizing the purpose of this nightmare may be coming to light. If we could help one private investigator, local member of law enforcement and others by sharing intel, maybe there is a purpose for the greater good of the country. Mike and I have teamed with highly respected former members of law enforcement,

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federal and local, to structure a national educational program. This program will be presented to local law enforcement, their municipalities and private investigators as a guide to keep communities safe from malign foreign influence. Mike always finds a way to be of service, even in his most dire hour.

He has lost his business, his reputation, his health, his financial stability for the future, friends in law enforcement who are afraid to speak to him, his freedom to live his life as he wishes, our privacy decimated. The only thing that has gotten him through this, how any of us in our family has gotten through this, is each other. We wake up as a family and before our feet touch the ground we know we will get through it somehow. Our daughter Ann Marie has started community college working towards a degree in early childhood education while holding three jobs. She works as a teacher's aide, for the state of NJ assisting a special needs young woman maintain independent living and at a local coffee shop. Our son Max works in the automotive industry and looking to buy his first home and son Mikey graduated the Passaic NJ Police Academy in September to join the Hawthorne NJPD. We were incredibly grateful when Mike was asked to present Mikey with his badge on stage in front of hundreds of people. It was quite a proud moment for us as his parents. The thought of all the future milestones which will be missed without their father there if he is incarcerated is beyond heartbreaking. My children have been through enough.

There is a very important piece of our lives you need to know was you put a picture of who Mike is into your mind. When we married in 1993 I was on the soap opera "As the World Turns" viewed daily by 6.2 million people. My character "Lily" was to ATWT what "Laura" was to the famous General Hospital couple "Luke & Laura". I would receive thousands of fans letters a week at the studio. The day Mike and I got married fans filled the back of the church, despite no public announcement of the location. I have been followed countless times and fans would often park outside our home and take pictures. Being followed at theme parks and supermarkets was common. A few times it became concerning. Unfortunately back in the 80s and 90s, the only way we could be alerted of a potential threat was in the calls to the studio or letters we received. As a young woman, I would get a lot of fan mail from male prisoners. One man serving time in federal prison for arson would write me every week. I still remember his name. Our show aired on CBS but Proctor & Gamble was my employer. When an actor would get a threatening letter, it went straight to the P&G legal team in Ohio. When Anthrax was being sent to news organizations, one letter containing a white powder was sent to my studio. Our security team at CBS studio was always on alert but once I left the security of the building, Mike was my protector. If I got a letter from a prisoner which wasn't threatening but concerning, he researched the person to make sure our family wasn't in any danger. Once inmates were paroled, their footprints through the prison system stopped but their letters did not. Anything that even had a tone of concern was sent to Ohio. Ohio was far away from where we lived in NJ so Mike always had to be hyper aware of our surroundings.

Mike has been with me several times when I was followed. One time at Disney World, a woman followed us for hours. She "hid" behind trees, followed us on rides but never approached us. Thankfully he was by my side in case she had intent to harm. I played a nice character, so I was spared from what other actors/actresses who played villains dealt with. One of our actresses was slapped in the face outside the studio for something her character did on the show. At the Emmys in 2002 tens of thousands of fans lined the Red Carpet on the streets of

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NY. The crowd was always enthusiastic and the NYPD had a strong presence to keep us safe. One year I had personal armed security as it was needed, who never left my side. Mike was unable to attend with me that year so I was assigned someone to guard me. Security was always a concern.

When my third child was born in 2006 and the internet was the wild west, I wanted more privacy. Our home was built a thousand feet off the main road, with one way in and one way out. This didn't completely eliminate curious or potentially dangerous fans from finding us, but it was definitely a deterrent. Many people say it's part of the job to expect paparazzi and fans to follow you. That is true. It's not a crime but it can sometimes be physically intimidating. As I said I had a great relationship with the fans and enjoy interacting with them here in the U.S. and abroad. They have been so supportive of me for decades and I am grateful. That being said, you still must be cautious.

When we took our boys back to Disney we hired a guide to accompany us so if we had any issue the park employee could address it. This was always a part of our lives as someone in the public eye since I met Mike. He always had eyes in the back of his head as a cop. His intuition and ability to assess danger is truly something to watch. He is wired to protect, not to harm. The idea that Mike would ever put anyone in the same position as what he's seen through his work and as my protector, is just not possible. After his arrest our safety concerns were again raised.

At trial none of the victims could identify Mike and their testimony description of cars they claimed were following them, didn't match Mike's. This was not surprising. I knew Mike and the other two PIs had never been seen but I learned Chinese agents were actually following MIKE and keeping tabs on him during his surveillance. This opened up a frightening reality. I have no idea if Chinese agents ever monitored my home and children since 2016 when Mike worked on this job. As far as Mike knew he was working for a typical client. His home office address was reflected on emails, invoices and paperwork. My family was left vulnerable and I have no idea how close we came to any danger. It wasn't just this revelation which put my family directly in potential harm. There is absolutely no way Mike would share such personal information of his home where his children, wife and mother-in-law resides with people he believes are dangerous. Never. Unfortunately after his arrest that danger immediately escalated.

The afternoon of Mike's arrest in 2020 several photos of us were published in the NY Post online. Within an hour, the press was parked outside our home. Privacy is non-existent these days. With a quick search on the internet, your address is easily accessed. The photographers parked outside for days. When my children, Mike or I would walk to our cars, they would run towards us and take our picture. One day my son Max was photographed as he was leaving. He rolled down his window and told them to please leave, they didn't. My car was followed. The press wasn't breaking any law but it was surreal. Was it the press? Or someone who thinks my husband is a traitor working for the Chinese government? I hoped by ignoring them, they would go away. They didn't. Sometimes the photographers would just stand in the middle of the public street and photograph our home. They finally left after three days.

A week after Mike's arrest, I learned from someone that a man in full tactical gear was stopped in the woods across the street from our home. I still have no idea who that was.

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Apparently our local police did a threat assessment and let him go. There is no police report on the engagement, which is unfortunate. When the world thinks your husband is a traitor working for the CCP your family instantly has millions of enemies. This label on us will never be removed. It will follow us wherever we go. The case may be nearing an end for many but the threat of retaliation from unknown enemies will be with my family forever.

All of this is to reiterate Mike would never put our family, or any one else at risk. He has seen the reality of what people who are targeted are subjected to. Not just while on the NYPD or with his work as a PI, but as a husband and a father. His level of concern for all of us has been heightened due to this case being so public. The severity of the accusations played a major role in my need to go public. This choice was not an easy one but it had a two-fold purpose. By getting the facts out it could potentially defuse the hate pointed in our direction. Mike received an extremely scary phone call after his arrest. In all my years of public interaction, this call made me shockingly aware all of us could be in imminent danger. I went into offensive mode to protect us any way I could. This unwarranted label of traitor has planted a seed in people's minds. There is no way to know who or when it could be unleashed.

Judge Chen you have to consider two versions of Michael McMahon. Is he the version of Mike presented over a few weeks at trial? The Michael McMahon who randomly decided one day in fall of 2016 to throw his life away to work for the CCP for a few thousand dollars and betray his country?

Or the Michael McMahon you have been reading about from the ones who know him the best. The man whose selfless actions witnessed for decades by myself and the community he has served while on the NYPD, in the home and as a private investigator, always putting others before himself.

If the prosecution's version is correct, I've spent three decades with a liar, criminal and a fraud. That despite what I have seen with my own eyes, felt with my own heart, the man I have raised three incredible children with, is nothing more than a stranger with deep ill intent for others and disregard for their safety. There couldn't be anything further from the truth. I know this not just as his wife and mother of his children but as someone in the public eye for most of my life. I've seen the best in humanity and the worst. We need more people in the world who share Mike's pure heart. They are rare and often humble as to not draw attention to their kindness. When we are fortunate to cross paths with people like Mike, they should be cherished and celebrated.

Mike has been punished since October 28th, 2020. For four and half years he has suffered tremendous physical and emotional deterioration. My children need their father home to maintain our family unit which has been unbroken and our lifeline for survival. I don't know what I would do without him. I suffer separation anxiety anytime I am away from him for more than a few hours. I worry about his mental and physical health every minute of the day. He has become forgetful and withdrawn at times, which is frightening and completely out of character from the man I know. He will never be the same. I miss the man he was before this happened and I will work the rest of my life to help him heal. I don't sleep and when I do I have nightmares of losing him. The mere thought of what could happen brings an overwhelming sadness and distress, I didn't think I would be facing until our sunset years.

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We need to start a new chapter for our family. To try and give back to so many who have shown unwavering belief in Mike's innocence. There is constant concern for the mental health of my children, who could lose their father at a time they need him the most. Especially my daughter who relies on her father as protector and confidant. She trusts him on a level I have never seen with other teenagers and a parent. I am so grateful they have each other. Please don't take him away from her, from any of us. We need him.

I am speaking to you as a woman who is trying to keep her family together after unimaginable circumstances. We care for my 86 year old mother, who had two medical procedures during the time of this case, the removal of a cancerous kidney and a heart valve replacement. She will need surgery again soon as the valve is leaking and needs to be replaced again. She too is a victim of the events of the last few years. Watching her child, grandchildren and Mike who she loves so much suffer, has taken a toll on her as well. I don't know how much time I will have with her. Her heart is breaking for all of us and it shows. I know she prays every day for some resolve to all of it. I would like to give her some peace so we can start anew and put this difficult chapter in the rear view mirror.

Mike and I celebrated our 30th wedding anniversary on November 12, 2024. The vows we made thirty years ago have faced our biggest challenge with this case but we survived. We are blessed with three children who stood beside us and are the reason we never stopped fighting. Our children need to have hope there is an ending to all suffering at some point. I encourage them every day to just hold on, pray and believe. Judge Chen, I humbly request that now be the time to allow that happen.

Respectfully,



Martha McMahon